

Bangor House, May 14th - 39.

Dear Frances,

Here I am, since Saturday noon, living like a king. Uncle brought me in his chaise from Thomastown, & a most delightful two day's ride we had of it. We took it leisurely - left Thomastown Friday noon & rode to Belfast, 30 miles; from there the next morning 30 miles more to this mushroom city. The road was rough & hilly; but it lay along the side of the Bay & the Pembroke river nearly the whole length, & afforded some of the finest water-views.

My short stay at Thomastown was exceedingly pleasant. I reached there Wednesday noon after the smoothest & loveliest steamboat passage I ever had - the sea was as smooth as lake Erie - the boat's excellent - officers & waiters civil - company not too large. Mother would be more tempted to come down, did she



know how easily & pleasantly the thing is  
accomplished. I saw these beauties that  
night, when I left Boston, there a thousand  
other pictures helped me see it. Memory  
also is well, though too weak to point  
us yet. All the rest I found well &  
bright. A very happy & lovely set they  
are. Mrs. Cleaveland, Miss Marshall & many more  
went over to stay there, & are counting  
upon her visit in the summer.

I am most pleasantly placed here  
in Bangor. This house in which I live  
is almost as large as the Jackson's & built  
in imitation of it, though of brick. We  
have fresh salmon daily, & all the delicacies  
of the season. The people have been most  
kind & attentive to me, there as there in  
any place where I have been. Mr. Rogers's  
meeting-house is directly opposite my room,  
across the street, so that my eyes open in  
the morning upon the church clock. I had  
a fine Sunday - preached to a very full



house, who drew I must attribute to. The  
evening went to a teachers' meeting, where  
~~there~~ were 15 or twenty young men & women, at  
a cost what to go with handkerchiefs, having  
no plan of occupation, no book, no lesson,  
& having never once thought of trying  
the virtue of talking. I was saying that  
among them, by revealing to them the more  
of their tongues. Happening to feel in quite  
a free mood, I began in a rambling  
way & drew them all into the current  
and they all seemed to be great teachers  
when they had begun.

The city is beautiful, tho' very unim-  
probed. It is projected on a large scale. The  
streets are very wide, set with trees, &  
many of the houses elegant, exhibiting every  
variety of architecture. The houses, too, so  
very numerous, so that from hill to hill  
you overlook the whole, with the River flowing  
through the middle with its quays & blocks  
of stone & piles of lumber. No business-  
place ever looked so clean, the staple being  
logs & timber. They are waiting near for



cause to be written to me very soon.  
Love to all. Your affectionate brother,  
J. S. D.

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Rev. John Sullivan Dwight  
Boston.  
May 14th 1839.

PAID

Mass.  
Boston.  
(Care of Dr. John Dwight)

PAID

Mass. J. E. Dwight.

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freshets to float down the logs which ~~have~~<sup>lie</sup>  
cut in the timber-regions to the north.  
There is no other conveyance, & the whole business  
of the place depends upon rains, to swell  
the streams. I ~~may~~<sup>shall</sup> possibly preach in Portland  
the last of my three Sundays. Write, or